

"ACCORDING TO
OUR POWER."



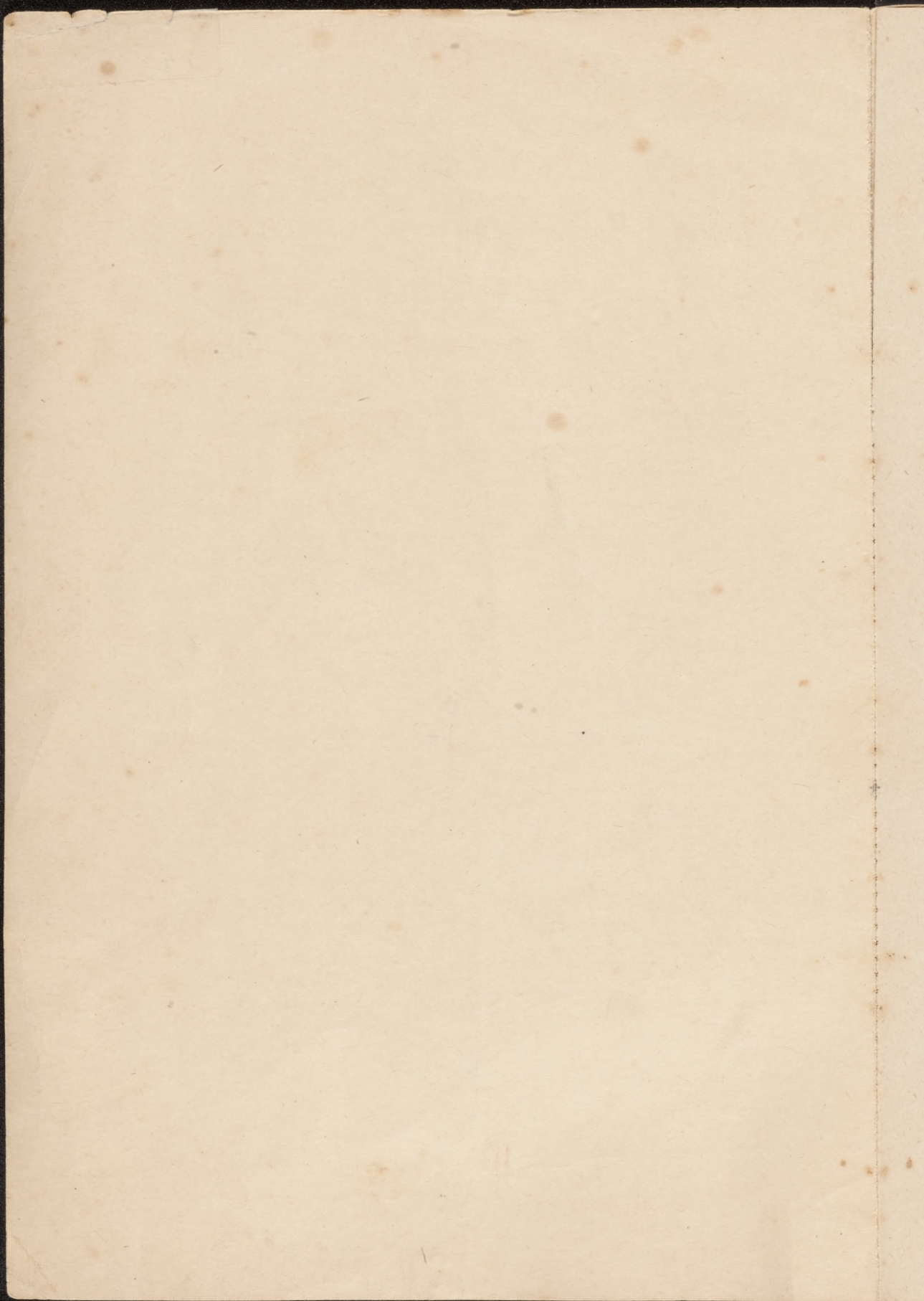
The

HIGH SCHOOL
ENTERPRISE.

1902



VOLUME XXIII.
PETALUMA, CAL.



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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

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desires his old patrons, as well as
new ones, to call and see his work.
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Schneider Bros. Props.
Best Bread, Cakes and Pies. Orders
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(Successor to Dr. C. O. Perkins.)
Office over Sonoma County Bank.

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Keig's, Petaluma.

One way to borrow trouble is to lend money.

The man who is willing to do as he would be done by always wants to be done by first.

Go to DAUNT' for——

the only reliable
Watch Repairing

Petaluma, Cal.

H. M. RUSSELL,——

Fine Boots and Shoes at
Popular Prices...

865 Main Street, Petaluma.

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Petaluma Livery, Feed and Sale
Stables. Particular Attention
Given to Boarding and Transient
Horses and Horses Left For Sale.

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Hams and Bacon....

Lower Main Street, Petaluma.*

Mr. C. (being asked by Miss K. to explain line—to—in "Vanity of Human Wishes" began) "Well! Suppose if a man promised to be true to you—"

H. P. VOGENSEN,——

Contractor and Builder.

General Jobbing.

Petaluma, Cal.

Leave orders at
Nauert's Store

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.

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The Western Refrigerating Company

WILL DELIVER MILK, CREAM, ICE

and ICE CREAM to any part of town.

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Smoker's Materials.

Main St., Petaluma.

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The youthful artist generally does his
best drawing on the old man.

Charity often consists of a generous
impulse to give away something we have
no further use for.

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COUNTY,

Assets, \$970,000.

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All kinds of Meats.



PETALUMA MARKET, ———

C. Poehlman & Co.
All Kinds of Fresh and
Salt Meats....

Main St., Petaluma.

Policy is more often to blame for a
man's honesty than principle.

There never was a surer way to get
behind the bars than to stand too much
in front of them.

MORDECAI'S —————

FOR
FINE
SHOES

Cor. Main St. and Western Ave.

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Groceries, Produce, Flour,
Meals, Feed, Butter, Fruit,
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San Francisco. Orders left
at Jones' Candy Store will
receive prompt attention....

San Francisco Office, 418 Market St.

WASHINGTON HOTEL, ———

First Class Family Hotel.
Headquarters for Wheelmen
and Baseball Players.

If it were not for fools in this world
wise men would have to work for their
living.

Whenever you meet a man who thinks
he knows it all, it's ten to one he isn't
married.



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PAINTS,

GLASS,

WALL PAPER.

Derby Block, Petaluma.



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The newest in Chiffon Face

Veils always on hand . . .

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HALES' SPECIAL \$3.50 SHOES.

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New and Second-hand Furni-
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chinery. All kinds of Uphol-
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Carries a line of Imported and
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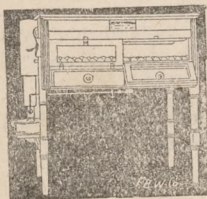
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Western Avenue.

Purest and best of Ice Cream.

Fresh Candies.



The PETALUMA INCUBATOR will hatch good, strong and
vigorous Chickens. The PETALUMA BROODER will raise them success-
fully. CREOSOZONE will keep them free from lice, and MIDLAND
POULTRY FOOD will make them grow fast. All these can be obtained
at our store

PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO.

850-856 Main Street, Petaluma, Cal

The High School Enterprise.

"ACCORDING TO OUR POWER."

VOL. XXIII.

PETALUMA, CAL., JUNE 12, 1902.

NO. 1.



"WE HAVE
CROSSED
THE BAY,
THE OCEAN
LIES BEFORE
US."



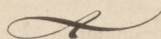
Commencement Exercises

Class of 1902.

PROGRAM.

1. Music..... ORCHESTRA
2. Prayer.....REV. H. J. WINSOR
3. "Andrew Carnegie"ADA STONE
4. Vocal Solo..... SARAH BOEKENOOGEN
5. "Voltaire"..... ZADA F. SMITH
6. Music..... ORCHESTRA
7. DEBATE : *Resolved*—That a property qualification for
Municipal Suffrage in the United States is desirable.

AFFIRMATIVE :	NEGATIVE :
Floyd McAlister,	Horace Camm,
Caroline Mills,	Opal Hays,
Lewis Cromwell,	Elsa Schluckebier.
8. Music ORCHESTRA
9. Presentation of Diplomas.....PRESIDENT P. SWEED
10. Music ORCHESTRA



High School Enterprise.

Published by Senior Class with aid of Juniors.

ZADA F. SMITH, Editor
EDNA J. RODGERS, Assistant Editor
FLOYD McALISTER, Business Manager
HERBERT BRAINERD, Ass't Manager

PETALUMA, CAL. JUNE 12, 1902

This issue of our paper is for those who are interested in, and who appreciate our work in the schools of Petaluma. We have found that it was a great deal of work canvassing for advertisements; but, nevertheless, we did not become discouraged. We hope the students and friends will give a share of their patronage to our advertisers. We have found that the business men and women of Petaluma have shown an interest in us which we appreciate. The fact that many of the business men of this city, whose entire market is foreign, have helped us shows that we have their good will and support. We thank our advertisers, our teachers and *all* who have contributed to make the closing events of the class of "'02" a success.

One more year has glided by and another class is to leave our school, to go out and learn the practical lessons of life. So we feel that this is an important period in the lives of we who have completed our course. Shall we go ahead? or shall we try to stand still and then retrograde? This is indeed a deciding and critical period.

Reserve Power.

We can never tell what is in a man until an emergency calls out his reserve; and he can not call out one ounce more than he has stored up. In any battle it is the reserve corps that lends success to the army. In a stationary engine there is always a large fly-wheel, which is used to distribute the energy evenly so that when extra force is used the sudden shock will not stop the engine.

It is your knowledge, your experience and your character, the moral wealth you have accumulated during your life, that measures your power and influence of today. You must stand or fall by *your reserve power* when the crisis comes.

Class of "'02."

Many members of this class have fallen behind in their studies. Others had to stop school to earn a livelihood by the sweat of their brow, but the few who have triumphed over all the difficulties may well deserve to be called the "Class of '02." We hope that each member of this class will be successful in life, and that the word "fail" will be a word unknown to your vocabulary. The little troubles you thought you have had while trying to master some Latin or Algebra will indeed seem small in after life, and pleasant, indeed, will be the reflections of the many hours which were spent in school life.

We are sure you will never forget the teachers of this school, to whom you owe very much. So we bid farewell for the last time, as a class, to the "Class of 1902," hoping that the memories of the Petaluma High School will always be dear to you.

Answer this question to your own satisfaction :

"There are just two kinds of people on earth today,

Just two kinds, and no more I say.

* * * * *

Not the bad and the good,

For 'tis well understood,

The good are half bad

And the bad are half good.

No! the two kinds of people on earth I mean

Are the people who *lift* and the people who *lean*."

In which class are you?

Confucius says: "Life is what we make it."

This being so, we cannot aim too high. Build your ideals lofty and high; then, by hard work and perseverance, you will surely reach the goal.

GREETINGS.



To the Graduating Class of 1902.

DEAR FRIENDS: It is now a year since our ways parted, and I am glad to know that this has been a prosperous year for you. During the past four years you have encountered many difficulties, which being overcome, have added to your strength.

You have now reached what once may have seemed to you to be the topmost round of the educational ladder, but you now realize that there are more rounds above you than below. By this time you have learned the pleasure there is in climbing and will not be content to rest where you are. Looking back to the beginning of your High School course you can judge somewhat of the possibilities of self-development that are in store for you. It is a pleasure and a source of inspiration to feel that you are now able to do more for yourselves and for others than you once could.

Having reached this point, and thus obtained a better view, you are now able to distinguish more clearly what is worth while in life and no ordinary obstacle will keep you from further advancement. This advancement may be along the line of a college education, music, or art, but upon one condition only will you be satisfied—there must be *growth*.

I look back with keen pleasure upon the three years spent with you and rejoice in the successful completion of your High School course.

Very sincerely,

WILBUR J. MACNEIL.

Class History.

From the point of numbers, the class of 1902 has been a dismal failure. When we graduated from the Grammar School there were thirty-five of us; the largest class that ever graduated

while Mr. Cromwell was principal. Twenty-six entered the High School. Such a number of "giddy Freshmen"—so we were called, and we deserved the name—was an encouraging sight.

At the beginning of our Sophomore year there were ten of us. Some left school, but almost half of our classmates found the nucleus of the Commercial class, which was then established. During the year two or three left us. We were first six, then five, then four, and then three Juniors.

We, Seniors, two in number, were jubilant when Miss Cora Perkins, from the Salinas High School, came to swell our numbers. Our delight was short-lived, for she, too, deserted us. So now you see the class as it is; the remnant of twenty-six Freshmen. That you may know who and where the others are, they have been searched out and their names here appear:

Allie Anderson is at school and hopes to graduate in '03.

Will Lewis was at school for three years, but then work in San Francisco became more attractive to him.

Lottie Pressy lives with her parents on a farm near town.

Fearl Winans left us at the close of her third year. She is now training for the stage and we hope to hear soon of a brilliant success.

Ed Hussey is at work with the Electric Light company as lineman, in town.

Ruby Fairbanks, who is living at Willitts, occasionally visits her old home.

Lena Hanger, about a year ago, tired of her surname and changed it to Pomeroy. She now resides in Oakland.

Emma Steffes graduated last year from the Commercial Class and is book-keeper at the Maze.

Gertrude Coate graduates from the Los Angeles High School this year.

Edna Peoples is at Dr. McNutt's hospital in San Francisco, training to become a nurse.

Davitt Melehan is working on a sheep ranch in the mountains.

Alberita Kopf for a time attended the Santa Rosa Business College. She is now keeping books at Horn's Real Estate agency.

Elsie Kuffel has learned the millinery trade and is filling a position in San Jose.

Walter White is in the southern part of the state in the employ of the railroad.

Etta Friggens is in Woodland with her parents.

Lottie Anderson has been in the San Jose Normal for three years and expects to finish next summer.

Rudolph Meyling is transacting commission business on Washington street.

Because part of a year was spent in Europe, Tessie Sweed was unable to graduate with us. Our loss is the third year class' gain.

Clara Johnson was married three years ago and went to Honolulu to reside. She is still there with her husband and little boy.

Nellie Hall is in San Francisco working at her chosen trade—that of a milliner.

Arthur Connolly is also in San Francisco at work.

Nellie Knowles is living at home in Blucher valley.

Lulu Parker is in the northern part of the county.

Ed. Kelsey left school at the end of the Freshman year and is now in the city.

Sarah Boekennoogen is the pride of our class. Throughout her whole course she has often charmed us with her sweet singing, and has always been ready to do her share in all entertainments. Sarah is quiet in school, but somehow or other luck has always been against her. She has always been scolded for the misdeeds of her friends, who made no objection when she got the blame which they deserved. As a Junior she was the wonder of the Seniors, being able to coin new words by the score, and, though none else could pronounce them, she managed the feat with perfect ease. Although

she has had much work at home and abroad, she has always ranked well in her studies. She has shown herself to be of a sweet disposition and lovable also, since the writer has become acquainted with her, but the last was accomplished only during this our last year together. We predict a brilliant future for her, and wish her a long and happy life.

Z. F. S.

Last but not least, comes our editress-in-chief, Zada Smith. During the first two years of her High School career she was the terror of all the teachers, especially Wilbur J., but that did not prevent her from always having her lessons. However, during her Junior and Senior years she has improved wonderfully—not in her studies, for in them she was always excellent—but in her deportment, and now is very dignified. Yet in spite of her dignity she is always ready for a good joke. Zada's favorite study is history, and she does so well in that she can recite and work Physics at the same time. We think that if she continues along this line she may succeed in emulating Cæsar's example by dictating seven letters at one time. Zada is very popular among all the students, and we feel assured that next year when she attends the State University she will not be long in making many friends.

E. J. R.

The World is too Much With Us.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our power;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid noon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,—
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn!
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—Wordsworth.



SOCIAL.



The P. H. S. Literary Society.

The Literary Society of the Petaluma High School was organized November 1, 1901. Before our definite organization, exercises were held Monday morning in the High School, and were devoted principally to debating. The first regular meeting of our present society was on the evening of November 1, 1901, in the Brick School, Mr. Clark very kindly tendering the use of his class room. Little was done other than to appoint a committee to draw up the constitution and by-laws. The committee was composed of Mr. Cromwell, chairman; Miss Smith and Mr. McAllister.

At its next meeting, November 15th, the society was given its present name, the constitution adopted, and the following officers nominated: presidents, Mr. Cromwell, Mr. McAllister, Mr. Poehlman; vice-president, Mr. Brainerd; secretaries, Mr. Foster, Miss Schluckebier; sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Wilder.

A debate at the meeting held December 13th was the commencement of our programs, the principal feature of the society. The subject was: *Resolved*, "That Football Should be Encouraged." Affirmative, Mr. Poehlman, Miss Rodgers. Negative: Mr. Canam, Miss Sweed.

The meeting then proceeded to business and the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Cromwell; Vice-President, Mr. Brainerd; Secretary, Miss Schluckebier.

The following program committee was appointed: Misses Kurtz, Atkinson and Smith.

Our Society now being formally started, the following program was given at its meeting on Jan. 17th: Recitation, Miss Dunton; Banjo solo, Miss Brush. Debate: *Resolved*—"That Foreign Immigration to the United States should be Prohibited." Affirmative: Mr. Brainerd, Miss Healey. Negative: Mr. Foster,

Mr. Cromwell. At each meeting the attendance increased and often the room was taxed to its utmost to seat the people.

On February 14th, we held one of our best meetings since the organization of the society. Following is the excellent program which was rendered: Reading, Miss Ottie Smith; Phonograph selections; Comedy in one act entitled: "How Mrs. Gaskell did not hire a cook." Debate: *Resolved*—"That the Jury system should be abolished." Affirmative: Mr. McAllister, Miss Hays. Negative: Mr. Winsor, Miss Raaf.

The Society continued to grow in popularity, and it soon became evident that accommodations would have to be larger. A petition was presented to the Board requesting that the High School be furnished with lights in order that we might hold the meetings of our society in our own school building. Every member of the school desires to extend hearty thanks to the Board for its prompt compliance with their request. Before our next meeting, Feb. 28th, the school was supplied with the necessary lights, a platform was erected at one end of the hall provided with two drop curtains, the piano was tuned and polished, and from that time on such excellent programs have been rendered, that although the seating capacity of the hall averages two hundred, even the stairway has been required. Finally established in its new quarters, the program committee took renewed interest in its work and the facilities the hall afforded for an opportunity of displaying our students' histrionic ability. They deserve great praise for their creditable presentation of farces.

On Feb. 23d we met in regular session in our own building. Program: Instrumental trio, Mr. and Misses Winsor; solo, Miss Hood. Debate: *Resolved*—"That a property qualifica-

tion for municipal suffrage in the United States is undesirable." Affirmative: Miss Perinoni, Mr. Lauritzen. Negative: Miss Healey, Mr. Camm.

After the program a business meeting was held. Officers for the ensuing term were nominated as follows: For President, Mr. Camm, Mr. Poehlman. Vice-President, Mr. Foster. Secretary, Miss Rodgers. At the next meeting of the society held March 21st, the officers were elected as follows: President, Mr. Poehlman; Vice-President, Mr. Foster; Secretary, Miss Rodgers; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Cromwell. The President appointed on the program committee Mrs. Hubbard and Misses Sweed and Schluckebier.

Not only had our accommodations to be increased but the numbers of our program were of a more varied character, and never failed to draw a large and interested audience. Following is the program of the above meeting: Piano duet, Misses Boekenooogen and Schluckebier. A Foot-ball Farce written by Miss Kurtz. Debate: *Resolved*—"That an Income Tax, if Constitutional, should be incorporated into the tax system of the United States. Affirmative: Misses Ottie Smith and Martinelli. Negative: Misses Burns and Early.

Ever since the organization we have continued to meet almost regularly twice a month. It's object—that of teaching the student power of expression, of self-control and self-assurance, is being more and more fully realized. The benefits derived from such efforts cannot be over-estimated.

The meetings held since March 21st have been of the same sort, with excellent programs first and business meetings afterward. There were five judges appointed by the president for each debate. Almost always two were outsiders and three students. To decide which side presented the better debate, one must pay close attention and follow the arguments carefully. This habit of careful attention and close discrimination is of great use in life, and by putting students on as judges they are taught this habit. Debates thus benefit not only the debaters but also the judges.

To Professor Ferguson belongs the credit of organizing this society. He proposed it first and has worked faithfully ever since its organization to make it a success. We hope that the benefit derived from these meetings may so raise the standard of the school that he may feel his efforts have not been in vain.

E. J. R. '03.

...ATHLETICS...

Football.

Although the athletes in this school have not been up to the standard of former times, we have tried to do our best, and have done very well under the present conditions.

The football season started with bright prospects, for we had very good material for the organization of a team. Practice was started about the middle of September of last year. Suits were donned three times a week, while the remaining time was spent in signal practice and formation plays.

During practice on the day before our first game with a picked team known as the "Katz-enjammers," our left half back, H. K. Brainerd, broke his collar bone, whereby our hopes for the following day were somewhat shattered. The day of the game dawned, with the sun hid behind the clouds, and numerous heavy showers made the ground exceedingly poor for playing. Though our team was heavily handicapped through the superior weight of our opponents, after an hour's hard playing the score stood 0 to 0. Because of the mishap mentioned above, several members of the team were unable to play through paternal objections, and so the season ended.

Field Sports.

Our time was next taken up in training for the S. M. A. L. field day, which was to be held at Santa Rosa on the 19th of April. Through the kindness of Mr. Smith, Agricultural Park was obtained as training quarters. Training

was followed consistently for six weeks, at the end of which time all were in fair condition. The day of the games came at last and 'twas a merry crowd that assembled to cheer our boys to success. The shot put was called first, in which O. H. Lafranchi of our school was entered, but failed to qualify. Next came the 100-yard dash, in which Mr. Poehlman obtained third place, scoring our first point for the day.



RELAY TEAM.

In the 220-yard dash Poehlman also took third place. In the 440-yard dash and high jump we had H. K. Brainerd who failed to score, yet did very well. In the distances were Lauritzen, Harte and Dean who, although they did not succeed in getting within the limit, promised well for the future. The last event of the day, the relay, was very exciting. First place was won by Ukiah, Santa Rosa second, Petaluma third, who beat the Healdsburg High and kept them from scoring a point.

Baseball.

The baseball season was opened after the completion of the field sports. A league was formed, consisting of four teams; Santa Rosa High, Healdsburg High, Santa Rosa Business College, and Petaluma High. Practice for the

first game began with great vim and enthusiasm and the first game was played on May 24th in this city between the Santa Rosa High and the Petaluma High. The game was interesting and well played until the eighth inning, when the score stood 3 to 2 in our favor. Then came that disastrous last inning, when our team went to pieces and we were defeated by a score of 8 to 3. Following is the line-up of our team: Catcher, Farrell; pitcher, Lauritzen; first base, Guyon; second base, Baldwin; third base, Poehlman; short stop, Kenneally; right field, Hart; center field, Tuttle; left field, Camm.

Basketball.

In 1898 was started the first basketball team of the P. H. S. The pupils were very enthusiastic at first, but the interest didn't last long and basketball was dropped until last year, when a team composed partly of High School girls and partly of outsiders was formed. This team played two match games, one with the Santa Rosa High School and one with the Atlanta team of the Girl's High School of San Francisco. In the first match, owing to each team playing by different rules, we were defeated, but in the second game we defeated the San Francisco team by a considerable margin.

This year the sport was again revived, though not until late in the season, and the team was composed wholly of girls going to the High School. Through Mrs. McNear's kindness we practiced in her tennis court for a while and later in an empty lot on Keller street. The girls worked hard and conscientiously, the one disadvantage being that we could never get a large or strong enough team to play against, and therefore had to divide, so losing much team practice. Along with our hard work we had fun, and many good times which we will not soon forget. The girls also claim that basket ball aids in mathematics (for example—proving propositions in geometry.)

The basket ball officials this year were Edna Rodgers, captain and Tessie Sweed, manager. The regular team was composed of the following:

Centres.—Hilda Atkinson, Myrtle Healy, Evelyn Hall, Opal Hays.

Guards.—Edna Rodgers, Lucetta Brush.

Goals.—Edith Wilson, Helen Poehlman, Tessie Sweed.

Subs.—Eleanor White, Genevieve Martinelli, Ruby McGuire.

On May 30th, this team played a match game with the Atlantas and were defeated, the score of games now being Atlanta, 1; Petaluma, 1. Though defeated, we all enjoyed the last game immensely, as did the interested spectators to whom was proven the many virtues and advantages of the game. We hope to win the deciding game next year.

We owe much of our progress and success in basketball to outsiders who helped us in many ways, also to some of the boys of the P. H. S., and the members of the team greatly appreciate the attitude and interest they have taken. Also the faculty, who have greatly helped and encouraged the girls. We have excellent material in our team and intend next year to begin to play early in the season, and we are confident that a good team will be developed. The enthusiasm in the game is strikingly manifest among the players and is rapidly growing among others, and I hope by next season interest in the game will be thoroughly awakened.

T. B. S.

A Heart to Heart Talk with the Pupils of the High School by an ex-Member.

Boys and girls of the High School rouse up. Instill some college spirit into your work both indoors and outdoors. Increase the membership of your school by going to outside districts and impressing upon those pupils graduating, the necessity of higher education. It can be done. Why not do it? We have a city and surrounding country which should send at least one hundred and possibly one hundred and fifty pupils to our High School, whereas we have but seventy or eighty.

By interviewing those graduating from the country schools, more and better athletes may be secured. Other schools do this, and year

after year their membership increases, while that of our own High School remains stationary. A spirit of apathy seems to pervade over the pupils of our school. We have as good a set of athletes as can be found in any other high school, but they never exert themselves to bring to victory that dear old purple and white. This year what did our athletes do? Practically nothing, making a total of only four points. Now let us see if we cannot find a way to remedy this. To my mind the cause is very plain and it is due to the fact that the boys did not attach sufficient importance to the field sports to train carefully.

We had a good high jumper who refused to practice. We had a good half-mile runner who got tired and quit. We had some good hurdlers who refused to train. We had a good shot putter who failed to put. It is such things as these that keep our school at the bottom of the athletic ladder of fame.

Let us see if this cannot be remedied next season. If the boys show the proper spirit there are a number of ex-graduates here who would be willing to help financially and other ways. We can get the material and let us do it. Visit the country schools, impress upon the graduates' mind the importance of a High School education. Use all the eloquence and persuasive power you can muster, and then we can look for a great increase in the number of pupils in our High School. Then in succeeding years our athletes will be on top and not on the bottom.

Good Manners

Good manners, while they are the dress of a gentleman, do not determine, by any means, his character. Mere politeness can never be a substitute for a moral excellence, any more than you can tell what the heart of a tree is by seeing the bark. Etiquette is simply a substitute for good manners and is very often a big counterfeit. Sincerity is the highest quality of good manners.

It don't cost anything to say a kind word, and it often helps a fellow out of a tight place.

Turning of the Tide.

It was a hot summer day and the sun cast a shadow in front of Jim Wheeler's little grocery store.

A rickety old bench stood in the midst of this shadow and Jim, seeing the prospects of a cool hour, took his opportunity and sat down on the end of the bench, which creaked and squeaked under the strain. Jim was a shriveled up little man, who had barely a hair on his head, and wore dark glasses to protect his weak eyes.

Over the hill came a rickety farm wagon, drawn by a pair of splendid black horses, driven by Tom Hawkins, who used a board set across the bed of his wagon for a seat.

Hawkins was an unusually large man, being over six feet four inches tall and of massive build. He had been a hero of the civil war and wore a little brown button on the lapel of his coat.

"Jim," said he, as he tied his horses to a hitching post, "I've got something for you to do to-day."

"What is it?" asked Jim, "do you want me to load a barrel of 'Eagle' on that empty wagon of yours?"

"No," replied Hawkins, sadly, "I shall never buy any more flour from you, Jim. I want you to do some writing. Get some paper and I will tell you all about it."

Jim brought a tablet of tissue paper, and the two men sat down on the bench, side by side.

Hawkins laid his big hand on Jim's shoulder. "Jim," he said, "I am going to sell the farm. I've got to. It's so different up there since Martha's gone. I'm so lonesome that I can't stand it any longer. I have no one to take care of me any more, and as for hiring help, I can't."

"There was that Thompson boy we brought up. He was a good, honest boy, but he got the Western fever and he went to California to get rich, but I doubt that he succeeded. So there ain't nothing to do but to sell the old farm at auction, and I want you to fix me out a bill that I can take up to Russell and have him talk it

off. You understand such things and you know the farm. There it is," he added, waving his hand toward the mountain side.

Jim wiped two sympathetic tears from his eyes, and opened his lips to protest against this desecration, but finally adjusted his glasses to the end of his nose and began to write.

"What have you got there?" asked Hawkins, after a few minutes of silence. Jim read aloud:

AUCTION!

"The undersigned will sell at Public Auction, on—"

"Week from Saturday," put in Hawkins.

"Saturday, September 5th,

HIS FARM,

long known as the Old West Hill place, consisting of about 200 acres, well divided in woodland, tillage and mowing."

"Yes, sir," said Hawkins, as he faced toward the farm, "it's one of the best farms in the country. Thirty years ago Martha and I lived there together, and there our little Louise died. Seems as if I could see her running around in the yard now, just as she used to."

"Good farm buildings," Jim read on, huskily, "and never failing water at house or barn."

"Guess there is," said Hawkins, "stream of good size runnin' there now. Well, try again, Jim. I don't seem to let you get ahead any."

"Fine apple and pear orchards," began Jim.

"There's a hundred barrels of good apples in that orchard if there is one. I do hate to see others picking them."

"Also," began Jim, once more, "a great variety of household goods—"

"That's the worst of it all," said Hawkins, "to think that all those things have to be piled up and sold off. Even Martha's things hang just where she left them, as though she was comin' back tomorrow."

Jim did not seem to be quite ready to go on with the reading, and just then a young man came around the corner, leading a little curly-headed boy. He was thin and looked weary, but his face changed wonderfully as he caught sight of Hawkin's sturdy figure.

"Uncle Tom!" he cried.

Tom wheeled around and gazed at the new-

comer for a moment. Then he grasped his hand with such tremendous force that it seemed to be in danger of dislocation. But the young man appeared to like it.

"Horace Thompson!" exclaimed Tom, "I thought you was out in California, and I never should see you again."

"No, uncle Tom," said Horace, uneasily. "I guess Vermont is going to be good enough for me the rest of my days." Then, as if anxious to change the subject, he asked quickly, "How is Aunt Martha?"

The old man's lips quivered and he could not speak. He pointed to the hill where the white headstones gleamed through the maples, and lifted his hand toward the blue depths of the cloudless sky.

The young man's eyes filled with tears. "I didn't know it," he said softly. And then, as if by common impulse, the two men walked away together and Jim retired behind his tablet.

But it was not long before the wanderers returned. Hawkins marched along with the same swinging step that he had when he was a member of Company "G," and on his shoulder, riding royally, sat Horace Thompson's little boy.

"Hold on there!" roared the farmer. "You needn't finish that bill. There ain't a'goin to be any auction. Horace Thompson, he and his wife and little boy, they are going to keep house for me. Tear up that bill, Jim, and tell me what the damages are and we will soon straighten matters out."

"Damage," said Jim, with a tinge-of sarcasm in his tones, "You come into this store and we will look and see if we can find a bunch of raisins or somethin' or other for that little fellow."

O. H. L. "'04."

Alphabetical List.

A is for Allie, whose art and wit
Have been shown in our High School quite a bit.
B is for Brainerd, one of our athletic team,
He's a rusher we know; that's easily seen.

C is for catastrophe, which happened one day,
When Horace's hair was taken away.

D is for dancing, the faculty enjoys;
But what is the dancing without the boys?

E is for Elsa, a charming lass; 'way at the head
of the Third Year class.

Studying, studying, all the day; 'tis not any ef
fort—she was born that way.

F is for Freshies, who always have a word.
We advise them that "children should be seen
and not heard."

G is for geometry, both solid and plane,
And the many other things that puzzle the brain.

H is for Helen, the girl with light hair,
For such girls as she are seldom and rare.

I is for image of Cæsar on the wall,
If you look at him hard, he's liable to fall.

J is for Juniors, the pride of the High,
But when it comes to deportment in English—
oh my!

K is for cage that hung in the hall,
L is for birds, and they weren't birds at all.

M is for Martin, who by his athletic feats
Is first in the hearts of the athletes.

N is for Naemi, the fresh Sophomore,
If marked in deportment, she'd surely get four.

O is for Opal, who is always late.
She believes in the saying: "Be up-to-date."

P is for "Peanuts," our lawyer and scribe,
Tho' with his writings nothing will jibe.

Q is for quinces on our neighbor's tree;
When no one was near we'd swipe two or three.

R is for ring, which was in the bell,
But where it has gone no one can tell.

S is for Sarah, our nightingale sweet,
Whene'er she doth favor us, be assured, 'tis sweet.

T is for Tessie, one little Sweet,
In basketball she takes the lead.

U is for union, that we're going to form,
So that we can strike when the weather gets
warm.

V is for volcano, near Italy's shore,
Go ask the Freshies if you want to know more.

W is for Winsor, Walker's wonderful man,
Who with his wise ways works as fast as he can.

X is for Xaminers who from Berkeley came,
Heedless of invitations, wind, cold or rain.

Y is for you whose names don't appear,

We'd have you all in, but there isn't room here.
Z is for Zada, the last of the list,
When she leaves school she'll surely be missed.

Some Things to Find Out.

1. What became of the bell rope?
2. Why two Junior boys have ceased to bring their lunch to school?
3. Why rats were heard in the garret but once.
4. Why H. S. students were the only ones to feel a series of earthquakes one Tuesday afternoon?
5. Why a certain Junior is growing bald-headed?
6. Why Edna rose?
7. Why a Junior has a particular fondness for precious stones?
8. What became of all the exchanges?
9. Why the Freshies are so anxious to have their names in the ENTERPRISE?
10. Why some of the girls prefer to dance in the lower hall?
11. Why Allie and Lewis do not frequent the laboratory any more?

For the Freshmen.

President Wheeler has written an article "For the Freshmen" which contains much of use to any student who wishes to make a success of college or school life. In order that all our students may be able to read it, the editors have thought it wise to reprint it in the ENTERPRISE. Following is the article:

"I beg to dedicate to the members of the Freshman class a few scraps from the note-book of my college experience.

I think I have noticed that few men who force themselves into public attention in the early months of their college course prove to wear well in the college estimation. Do not push. The steady pressure of honest work is better adapted to the four years' test. Do not try to be a "prominent man" for the first year. Prominence will take care of *itself*, in the sane, unerring judgment of student opinion.

Forget as soon as possible the grandeur of

your recent estate as seniors in a high school and settle down to be plain freshmen. Fall into line; recognize the leadership in student affairs of the senior class; bide your time; you will be seniors some day if all goes well. Though my experience recommends to each of you quietness, it dissuades from isolation and selfish individualism. Become a part of the organized life of the university. Identify yourself with the active interests of the student body. Join the organization of the associated students. Ally yourself with some organized activity, athletics, music, debating, religious work, journalism, dramatics. Be public spirited, be loyal to the college.

I have noticed that men who succeed in life are trained men. Practical life wants men who can be relied upon. The brilliant, inspirational type is below par in the market. Work regularly. Take no cuts. Prepare every exercise. Make yourself do things whether you like them or not. It is good practice. The first thing to get is a good grip on your own dear self.

In regard to choice of studies, my experience leads me to advise you that the teacher is more important than the subject. Go where the work is most accurately and severely exacted. Go where the highest standards are maintained. In all probability it is now or never with you, and you cannot afford the risk of soft intellectual or moral fibre. Plan to be first-rate in something. Keep clean. Tell the truth, because it is true. Do right, because it is right. Do each day's work thoroughly, because it is duty. Have faith in more than you can see. Live for more than you can grasp."

Worth of Women.

Honor to Woman! To her it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of heaven!
All blessed she linketh the loves in their choir.
In the veil of her graces her beauty concealing,
She tends on each altar that's hallowed to feeling
And keeps ever living the fire.

—Von Schiller.

Kindness costs less and yields greater dividends than money at compound interest.

COMMERCIAL.



Commercial Class History.

We as a class leave a history; not containing any great events, records of any great battles or wonderful discoveries, but in it are some of the events of our school life.

When we entered the High School we were meek, mild and timid, and upon reading the course of study laid out for us, our foreheads became wrinkled with lines of care. But in spite of the dreary outlook we went to work and the two years soon fled.

During the first year our class consisted of fifteen members, while tonight we are only a class of three—two girls and one boy.

Let us first run over the names of those who, for various reasons, have left us:

Kathryn Kamp, on account of ill health, was compelled to leave during the first term. She is still in town and has continued her stenography and typewriting with the present Freshman class. It is needless to say, Kathryn, you have been missed by us.

Anita Dias also had to leave school because of ill health but is still residing in town.

Katie Caufield is at present in one of the local dressmaking parlors. She was so very jolly that we missed her sadly this year.

Carrie Burns left school during the first term as she had completed the studies she was taking. Carrie was always willing to help any one who was in trouble, and is missed very much when dancing is going on.

Katy Fratny left us about the middle of the second term to reside in San Francisco.

Ewell Cox left after the first term.

Claude Hanson, Thomas White, Fred Zimmerman, Rudolph Peterson and Clayton Dean are still among the "Freshies."

Joe Tuttle, or "laughing Joe," the torment of the class, is still with us, although he does not

graduate with us tonight. He is always playing tricks on his classmates. Even the girls are not spared. He has a knack, so to speak, of getting out of every scrape he gets into, and when accused of anything he can look as innocent as a "new born babe." Joe has an especially "sweet tooth" for candy and oranges and always treats the girls. Last year Joe was very shy and has continued (?) so this year. We are not aware of Joe's future plans but suppose he will continue to live on the "wild hills" of Chileno valley and embark in the stock (?) raising business, especially that branch pertaining to the care of his neighbor's p-gs. We do not want our readers to think Joe is entirely bad, as he has a number of good qualities. He is nearly always on time and always has his lessons, although he says he never studies. We know better, as we can tell by his recitations.

Now we come to our graduates.

Our class orator, Ada M. Stone, is the favorite of the class. She makes new friends every day by her jolly ways and winning manner. She is a most studious body and always has her recitations in "first-class order." Ada is somewhat of a poetess and often in her leisure (?) moments, an inspiration comes to her and then the way her pen flies is remarkable. Some of the trials of a certain young man of the class have been told in verse by this modest young poetess. If any joke is to be played, Ada is always on hand to have a share in it, and if caught she endeavors to look innocent, but her laughing countenance gives her away. She has one of the happiest dispositions of any student in the P. H. S., and often when the room is very quiet her silvery laugh will ring out so clear and strong that others are sometimes startled. There is one young (?) lady in the room, however, who does not seem to approve of Ada's mirth, from the "looks" that are cast

in her direction. Ada is nearly always the last to leave the room, and if anything is said she will say, "We've more time than money," and will take her time in coming. She will be missed next term by Miss K., who is always wondering what Ada will do next.

We next come to our only boy, Ellis Hart. Like Joe, at the beginning of school two years ago, Ellis was bashful and if the girls asked the loan of his knife it would be blusingly given. However, time works wonders. A remarkable change has come over him this year, and instead of being one of the most bashful boys in the class he has become a regular torment. He delights to play tricks upon some poor, unsuspecting girl. Sometimes, however, he gets caught in his tricks and is punished by having to remain in the room at recess. The last time this occurred Ellis was sitting in one of the windows, feet outside, when a certain young lady, accidentally, of course, made him fall out on the ground. Thus he was able to play at his favorite game, baseball. We must not only tell of his tricks, as Ellis has some very good qualities. He is the most studious body of the class and always has a perfect recitation. He is the only touch method typewriter in the class. He has faithfully followed Mr. Harford's directions in this line, and as a result has fine speed in typewriting, seldom making a mistake. Although Ellis lives seven miles from town he is seldom late, which is more than can be said of some of the other members of the class. Taken all in all, Ellis is all right and will make his way in the world yet.

F. H.

Florence M. Hood is the most diminutive body of our class, but we implore you not to judge from "quantity," as she is our greatest mischief lover. She is our only vocalist, and often unconsciously favors us with a solo, which "makes the world wonder." But we are of the opinion that she is rather selfish with her sweet soprano voice. Florence has mastered the art of letter writing, and often in the stillness of a quiet (?) study period she is seen jotting down her thoughts with great rapidity. She has a wonderful vocabulary and we judge she accom-

plished this by her constant study of the dictionary. "Flossy" takes all things as they come and this, her motto, "only one life to live, and might as well enjoy that," does not meet Miss K's approval. At times she is very studious, and "woe be to them" who interrupt her, for she has been seen to fly from her seat and hit a certain young man with tremendous velocity.

But we do not want our readers to be wrongly impressed with Florence, as she has numerous remarkable characteristics, and never fails in anything she undertakes, but always has a perfect lesson. She is soon to leave us for her future home in Oakland, and her laughing eyes and jovial disposition, which have won for her numerous friends, will be sadly missed in the

A. S.

To the Graduates of the Commercial Class.

I have been asked to say a few words to those graduating from the Commercial Department, and with whom I have been closely associated during the past school year. Preaching is one thing and practice another, and perhaps we all know what to do if we could but be sure of doing it. Still, I can repeat a few ever new old-truths to you on this, the eve of your graduation. We have advised and directed you always according to your best interests; now you must learn to adapt yourselves to conditions, to think for yourselves. From the Commercial Department you step into the Commercial World, from under the influence of sympathizing teachers to the harsh criticism of the world. You leave behind theory and enter upon practice. Your preparation has furnished you with the necessary tools for, perhaps, your life work. You have, or should have, some aim in life. The aimless man is the man who fails, for life is worth living to the one who has a purpose; who is working to attain some end. Life is just what we make it, and if our ideals are true and noble, our actions will be worthy, and our actions crystalize finally into character, thus a purposeless life is a characterless life. You go

out to solve the meaning of life for yourselves. Success or failure await you, and to a great extent you have the making of your life—either the one or the other. You have had the advantages of at least a common school education. In that respect your start has been better than some who have been denied that privilege, and yet through personal efforts have made successes of their lives. "The fault is not in our starts, but in ourselves; that we are underlings," after all. To say that "I had no opportunity" does not excuse you from making the best of what you have. Many of our most successful business men were not as well prepared to battle with life as you are. It was not through chance that they succeeded. It was through the hardest kind of work and steadfast application to the smallest detail of duty; a whatever-is-worth doing, is-worth-doing-well spirit. There is always a place made for such a person. When Garfield applied for entrance to college penniless, the president asked him what he was willing to do. "Anything," was the answer. To feel that *any* honorable work is below your dignity is the quickest and surest first step to failure. Step out, then into the world with a determination to succeed in whatever you undertake, and you cannot fail. Take with you as weapons against your worst enemy, "self."

Obedience. You have learned the rudiments of obedience in school, but more rigid are those imposed upon you by the commercial world. I recall to mind a very bright student who on entering his first position was told by his employer to "never forget anything, and do everything I tell you." He made that his motto, and is now a successful business man. Make it a habit never to go contrary to the dictates of your superiors in the smallest details, then the larger and more important ones will take care of themselves.

Thoughtfulness. Untiring application to the interests of your employer, awake to everything that concerns *him*. You may conscientiously keep your employer's books and type his daily correspondence, and yet thoughtlessly do many things that are to your own rather

than his interests. It means going to work a few minutes before time, and offering to stay later if work is pressing; seeing what is to be done and doing it without being told, rather than hoping it will be forgotten.

Cheerfulness. Remember that your employer has responsibilities that you can lighten by a cheerful application to your share of his labors. Do not allow your own affairs to make you irritable in the discharge of your duties. To be pleasant costs nothing and brings its own reward.

Lastly, make yourself generally so necessary a part of your employer's business, so conversant with the matters entrusted to you, that he could not dispense with your services. In other words be interested in what interests your employer, center all your activities in what concerns him, be ready and willing at any and all times to perform cheerfully his commands, the matter of promotion then becomes only a question of time, and unawares you will derive untold benefits from your life of obedient, thoughtful, and cheerful activities. The good wishes of the Commercial Department go with you.

E. R. K.

Hard Luck.

One of our Junior boys went to the library the other night. Now, this is nothing strange in itself, but F---d stayed too long in the lower hall, and on attempting to go home found the doors locked. It is not known what he said, as he was alone (?) but he lighted a match and started on a tour of inspection. All the doors were locked, but he found one window open. From this point to the ground was a distance of fifteen feet, and as, by personal experience, he knew the ground was hard, he decided he must find another means of exit. He found a hose and proceeded to make a patent fire escape. But on looking out of the window again what did he see but a shadow, which, on closer inspection, appeared to be a stairway. He got out of the building by this but found himself little better off, for there, right in front of him, was a high board fence.

Now, when F - - - d was in the Grammar School he was quite a climber, and it didn't take long for him to get on the other side of the fence. These are simply details. If you want to know more, just ask him about it. He will be perfectly charmed to relate it in full, we are sure.

"'03."

Seemed Natural to Him.

The two trains came together with an awful crash. Some one had blundered. That, however, was a matter which would have to be left for future investigation.

As soon as those who were uninjured could extricate themselves from the wreck, they turned manfully to the work of rescuing their less fortunate fellow-passengers.

It was a sickening sight. Cars were heaped on top of one another. People were pinioned

under seats, beams and trucks. Steam was hissing from the overturned boilers, the rails of the track were warped and torn loose from the ties, and the moans and cries of the injured could be heard afar off.

Finally, after long, hard work, the rescuers reached the bottom of the mass, where the legs and body of a man protruded from beneath a twisted platform. Beside him lay a cane, decorated with colored ribbons, and a long tin horn.

Fearfully and anxiously a score of strong men lifted the weight from the head and shoulders of the prostrate one and carried him up the embankment. As they reached the higher level, he opened his eyes, passed a hand in front of them as if brushing away a film of some kind, and shouted: "Rah! rah! rah! Sizz, boom, ah! Ki-yi! hip-hip, hoo-gah yah! Come on, fellows! Which side has the ball?"

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The man who has the most to say always uses the fewest words.

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teaches us that men reap what they
sow." A few minutes later. "Mr.
Camm, what does Comus teach?"

Mr. Camm—"Men rip what they
sew."

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Advice, like castor oil, is easy enough to
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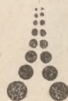
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HE—"That's all very well, my dear;
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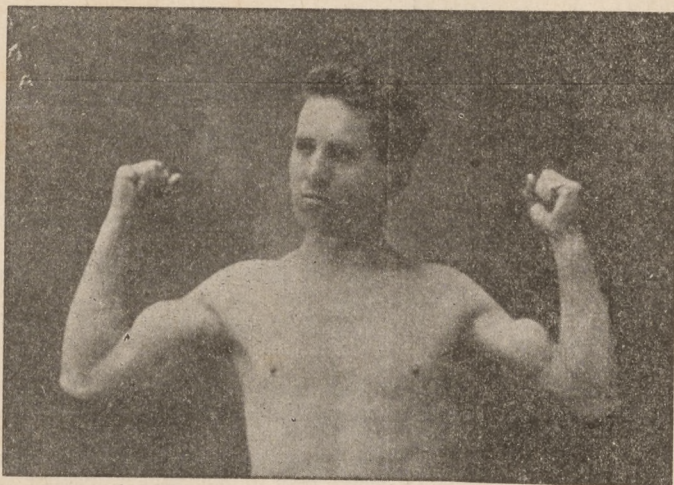
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from his father. The old man usually
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says a philosopher. "The fish that is
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